Dionysius Parer CCCC ss
CCCC. Alumnus.

No. 1.

THE MUSIC SPEECH,

Spoken at the

PUBLIC COMMENCEMENT

IN

CAMBRIDGE,

JULY the 6th, 1714.

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By ROGER LONG, M. A.
Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall.*

——— *Qui placere ſe ſtudeat bonis*
Quamplurimis, & minime multos lædere. Ter.

The Third Edition.

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Dignissime Dne Dne Procancellarie,
Nobilissima Juventus,
Venerànda Capita,
Hospites presertim ab Oxonio
gratissimi,
Viri gravissimi,
Corona florentissima,

QUOD toties ab immortali numine precati sumus, eo tempore, cùm vel apertâ infensissimorum hostium audaciâ, vel occultis amicitiam simulantium insidiis, in summo bonorum omnium discrimine, de rebus nostris tantum non conclamatum esse videbàtur, ut a furore Fanatico incolumes, ea securitate frueremur quam vel disciplinæ nostræ ratio postulet, vel Legum a Majoribus latarum Autoritas polliceatur: id tandem

tandem Annæ pientiſſimæ indefeſſus in Populum Anglicanum Amor, Senatuſq; providiſſimi vigilantia elaboravit, effecit, atq; ſi rerum humanarum ſors id ferre poſſit æternum ſore ſpoſpondit.

Non eſt enim in preſentiâ quod vobis gratulemur unum ſolùm atq; alterum caput Hydræ iſtius Fanaticæ reſectum eſſe, quæ virus ſuum in utramque Academiam, in Epiſcopos, in Principes noſtros evomere ſolebat; ſed profligatas prorſus ejus vires proſtrataſque ſed ſucciſos nervos, ipſamque oppreſſam penitus fractamque atque animam ſimul cum veneno expirantem.

Non autem ideo de reportata ab iſtiuſmodi hoſtibus victoriâ triumphamus, quòd ab eorum Armis ſi aperto Marte dimicandum fuiſſet, nobis erat magnopere timendum: teſtantur ſatis vel fracta toties vel in ipſos retorta eorum tela, quám imbelles ſint erroris in Veritatem, Schiſmatis in Fidem, ſuperſtitionis in Religionem impetus.

Verùm

Verùm enimvero quos juſto certamine aggredientes & meritò ſpernere, & facilè ſuperarè poſſis, ab iiſdem vel dolo decipi, vel fictæ amicitiæ larvâ deludi, haudquaquam novum eſt : neque adeo ex imbecillitate ſuâ & enervatis viribus homini cordato eſtimandus eſt iſtiuſmodi hoſtis, qui dolo an virtute res geratur nil penſi habeat, quippe quod qui infirmior eſt, quám ut vel arcum tendere, vel haſtam vibrare, vel gladio decertare valeat, idem tamen vel clám admotis facibus incendium excitare poterit, vel occulto pugione latus perfodere, vel proditrice manu venenum propinare.

Adeo nunquam ſatis a Danaorum inſidiis caveri poteſt ! Tanti refert ne quando viperam in ſinu foveas, ne quidem mortuam !

Et quidem de hujus ſeculi Schiſmaticis nequid detrimenti Rebus noſtris afferre poſſent, ſatis cautum eſſe videbatur, ea Lege quæ a Senatu, a Magiſtratu, a Muneribus publicis arcendos eſſe ſancivit.

Hoc

Hoc unum Senatoribus noſtris reſtabat optandum, ut quorum minas enarmâſſent, mucrones a jugulis noſtris rejeciſſent, gladioſq; in optimum quemque diſtrictos retudiſſent, eos aut ſaltem eorum filios, in poſterùm nocendi etiam voluntate privarent. Non enim deſperandum eſt venturis temporibus, acerrimos propugnatores Academias, fidiſſimos ſubditos Monarchiam, pientiſſimos filios Eccleſiam, ex eo hominum genere inventuram, qui tanta hucuſq; rerum bonarum imbiberunt odia, ut ad concitandum in Eccleſiâ Schiſma, in Republica Seditionem, non tam diſciplina edocti quam a natura facti, non inſtituti ſed imbuti eſſe viderentur.

Sic Annæ Cordi eſt hoſtes ſuperare, ut ex atrociſſimo bello Pax, e crudeliſſimo diſſidio Concordia, ex acerbiſſimo odio Amor oriatur. Hinc eo ipſo die, quo Lege latâ claudendas eſſe Schiſmaticorum ſcholas ſtatutum eſt, ne in Eccleſiæ ſinum redeuntibus deeſſet locus, jacta

jacta ſunt novorum Templorum fundamenta.

En quos Triumphos Anna Pacifica ſibi decerni poſtulet, quæ Trophæa Statuit! Non arcus triumphales longâ titulorum ſerie aut gentium devictarum imagine ſuperbas, non ingentes Palatiorum moles ex everſarum urbium ruinis congeſtas, miſerorum atque innocentium ſanguine & lacrimis fædatas : ſed ſurgentia ad cognata aſtra Templa, ſimplici Majeſtate, cultum veri numinis intus celebrandum imitantia. Sed quò feror ? Annæ nomen ubi aures perſonuit, nec opinantem rapuit tantarum laudum pelagus.

Vellunt aurem uti video *Sophiſtæ* ægre ferentes ſe tam diu lactatos eſſe & vana jocorum ſpe productos, at quid agam, aut quò me vertam ? Ex quo enim ſenſi Procancellarium in animo habere lucidiſſimas haſce fœminarum conſtellationes de proprio cœlo deturbare, atq; *Cancellis* cogere, & Decus Theatro noſtro, & ſales perorantibus, & acumen opponentibus,

& calcar, quo nonnunquam opus habent, Doctoribus defore videbam: nam quum committuntur inter ſe hoſtiles diſputantium acies, ubi *Capita* omnes ingenii vires exhauſerint, quas ſenſiſtis, quàm ſint exiguæ, ubi inter dumeta ſpinaſque Theologiæ non ſine multo ſudore verſantur, in quibus ſe non inficiantur mediocriter eſſe verſatos, quam fortitudinem, quos animos adderet in Turneamento Academico digladiantibus Quixotis noſtris tot Dulcinearum aſpectus; at in præſentia (prô dolor!) e longinquo tantum atq; id limis aſpectare cogimur. Adeo ut plurimos exiſtimem Regio Theologiæ Profeſſori ſua invidere *conſpicilla* hoc in lòco non *aures* ſolùm adjuvantia. Nam pleriſq; veſtrûm ſat ſcio confuſa iſta lux e *Cancellis* emiſſa hîc viam quandam Lacteam repræſentare videtur, illic nebuloſum præſepe. Verum Galileus ille noſter ſingulas ſtellas, ſeu fixæ ſint, ſive erraticæ, ſeu nativa luce ſplendeant, ſeu mutuatitia, diſtinctè rimatur, ſatellites,

lites, ſiquos habeant, detegit ; varios obſervat motus, nunc directas, nunc retrogradas, nunc ſtationarias conſpicit. Nunc veloces, nunc tardas. Varias Phaſes notat, quaſdam plenas, quaſdam gibboſas. Varios aſpectus & poſitiones deprehendit, alias in oppoſitione, alias in conjunctione, nonnullas etiam ex aliarum interpoſitione eclipſin patientes. Quod ad maculas attinet, major eſt diſtantia quàm ut per craſſam hanc Atmoſphæram poſſint detegi.

Quod ſiquid mea valuiſſent vota, pro veteri more his etiam Comitiis ſupra Doctorum capita tanquam tot auſpicata ſydera fulſiſſent fœminæ, ſed procancellarius cæteroquin humaniſſimus his precibus aures præbuit penitus obſeratas.

Non ſaxa nudis ſurdiora navitis
Neptunus alto tundit hybernus ſalo.

Si cauſam quæritis, cur ſtellæ hæ adeo longè a Meridiano noſtro ſint deductæ,

ut tantum non infra horizontem occultentur, paucis accipite. Deprehendit Procancellarius, qua eſt in Aſtrologia peritia, poſtremis Comitiis cum erant in ſumma altitudine, ſeu, ut loquuntur Aſtrologi, culminatione, multas Calamitates toti Academiæ inflixiſſe. Nam quædam earum erant calidæ & ſiccæ, & intolerabili æſtu ſitiq; torrebant ſophiſtas, quædam aqueæ & humidæ, & imbre ſalſo irrigabant Oxonienſes, quædam terreæ & melancholicæ, & ſeniores Collegiorum ſocios inclinabant ad morbum hypochondriacum, aliæ erant igneæ & cholericæ, & bellum rixaſque ciebant inter diſputantes, aliæ frigidæ & phlegmaticæ, & maligno aſpectu Doctores reſpiciebant, nonnullæ ſed paucæ admodum benignioris naturæ divitias & lucrum pollicebantur, ſed illæ radios in Commenſales potiſſimum projiciebant & ſemper habentes in Horoſcopo Mercurium crumenimulgos Bedellos. Habetis Academici cauſas cur cùm tot Fœminæ huc.

Spectatum

Spectatum veniant, veniant ſpectentur ut ipſæ.

In locum tam obſcurum & a veſtro conſpectu remotum ſint detruſæ: ut autem videatis quàm ſtrenuè ego earum cauſam egi, hem vobis petitionem a me, illarum nomine, Procancellario, ſed quod cum dolore dicendum eſt, fruſtra oblatam.

THE *humble Petition* of the Ladies, who are all ready to be eaten up with the Spleen,

To think they are to be lock'd up in the Chancel, where they can neither ſee nor be ſeen ;

But muſt ſit i' the Dumps by themſelves all ſtew'd and pent up,

And can only peep through the Lattice like ſo many Chickens in a Coop ;

Whereas laſt Commencemen: the Ladies had a Gallery provided near enough,

To ſee the Heads ſleep, and the Fellow-Commoners take Snuff.

'Tis

'Tis true for every Particular how 'twas order'd
then we can't ſo certainly know,
Becauſe none of us can remember ſo long as
Sixteen Years ago;
Yet we believe they were more civil to the Ladies
then, and good Reaſon why,
For if we all ſtay'd at home your Commencement
wou'dn't be worth a Fly:
For at *Oxford* laſt Year this is certainly Matter of
Fact,
That the Sight of the Ladies and the Muſic made
the beſt Part of their Act.
Now you ſhould conſider ſome of us have been at
a very great Expence
To rig our ſelves out, in order to ſee the Doctors
commence:
We've been forc'd with our Manteau-makers to
hold many a Conſultation,
To know whether Mourning or Colours wou'd be
moſt like to be in Faſhion;

We've

We've ſent to Town to know what Kind of Heads
and Ruffles the Ladies wore,
And have rais'd the Price of Whalebone higher
than 'twas before ;
We've got Intelligence from Church, the Park,
the Front-box and the Ring,
And to grace St. *Mary*'s now wou'dn't make our
Cloaths up in the Spring.
In Flounces and Furbelows many Experiments
have been try'd,
And many an old Gown and Petticoat new ſcour'd
and dy'd.
Some of us for theſe three Months have ſcarce
been able to reſt,
For ſtudying what ſort of Complexion wou'd be-
come us beſt ;
And ſeveral of us have almoſt pinch'd our ſelves
to Death with going ſtrait lac'd,
That we might look fuller in the Cheſt, and more
ſlender in the Waſte.

And is n't it now intoleräble after all this Pains and Coſt,

To be coop'd up out of Sight, and have all our Finery loſt ?

Such croſs ill-natur'd Doings as theſe are even a Saint wou'd vex,

To ſee a Vice-Chancellor ſo barbarous to thoſe of his own Sex.

We've endeavour'd to know the Reaſon of all this to the utmoſt of our Power,

What has made the Doctors contrive to take us all down a Peg lower,

And we find 'tis only becauſe laſt time their Wigs were diſoblig'd by a warm Shower.

As for that Misfortune the Ladies may e'en thank the Prevaricator,

Who was ſo extremely arch they were ready to burſt their Sides with Laughter,

But now we have all got well hoop'd, and can very eaſily hold Water.

LADIES,

LADIES, You ſee by this Petition,
How much I pitied your Condition;
And had the Doctors thought it ſafe,
You'd had a better Place by half:
But tis too late now to complain,
I was your Advocate in vain;
Howe'er you may by my Aſſiſtance,
Know what's been doing at a diſtance.

The Doctor there, now ſo ſmugg'd up to win ye,
Yeſterday play'd the Part of *Nicolini*;
An excellent Performer, though I fear
You thought his Cat-call wasn't quite ſo clear,
Nic oft the Lyon, who has at him flown,
Like any *London-Prentice* has o'erthrown;
But all that Battle's nothing at the Opera,
To th' Doctors here with *Hereſy*, *Schiſm* and *Popery*:

Nic charm'd you in a Tongue not underſtood ;
Here you had *Latin*, is n't that as good ?

With Ring and Kiſs the ſecond Act you ſaw
Our new Profeſſor married to the Law :
'Tis ſuch a Shrew that few wou'd care to venture,
But for that all-prevailing Charm, the Jointure.
He can aſſiſt, if you deſire, to wed
When by the Almanack it is forbid ;
Or Licence grant without the Bans to marry,
If for three Holidays you're loth to tarry.
For thoſe Tranſgreſſions which the Law thinks meet
With Wand be expiated and white Sheet,
He can procure for Criminals of Faſhion
The eaſier Puniſhment of Commutation.

Our Phyſick Doctor next took his Degree,
In hopes the *Title* may enlarge the Fee,

The

The *Ladies Doctor*— let him feel your Pulſe,
I'm ſure he need deſire no Buſineſs elſe.
He hopes to hear Complaints from ſome of you,
Doctor I find my ſelf I can't tell how!
At firſt your Caſe will put him to a ſtand,
Till the Broad-peice is ſlid into his Hand,
Then he conſiders— and there's all the Reaſon
To think the *Bath* may do you good this Seaſon;
You ſoon reſolve to try a Courſe once more
From which you found ſuch Benefit before:
This ſhows your Ailment rightly underſtood,
Nothing but Company had done you good.
And don't you now like that Phyſitian beſt,
That in preſcribing hits the Patients Taſte?
But ſince the Vulgar can't hope to command
Fees worthy of a Graduate Doctor's Hand,
He has for publick Good made ſuch Proviſion,
Every one here may be her own Phyſitian;

And

And I, though not equipt in gaudy Jacket,
Have undertaken to retail his Packet.

Are any of you troubled with
The Scurvey that deſtroys the Teeth,
And often cauſes ſtinking Breath;
In ſhort, from whoſe prolific Womb
Almoſt all our Diſeaſes come.
Do any of ye ſuffer ever
Obſtructions in the Spleen or Liver,
Weakneſs of Stomack, Back or Reins,
Rheumatick or Nephritick Pains,
Colicks, Conſumptions, Dropſies, Itches,
Jaundies, Stone, Gravel, Cramps or Stitches;
Are any here afflicted by
Melancholy they can't tell why;
Does any one the Megrim dread,
Or the Vertigo in the Head,

The

The Doctor here by me aſſures ye
He'll take no Mony till he cures ye.
He quickly can remove the Smart
Of th' Palpitation of the Heart;
And what the hardeſt Part of th' Trade is,
Of Fits o'th' Mother cure the Ladies.
Is any Husband here chagrin
Becauſe his Wife has got the Spleen,
The Doctor tells you in a trice
Whence the Diſtemper took its Riſe,
Whether the Coach too long has wore,
Or wants a Pair of Horſes more;
Whether ſhe has at Ombre loſt,
Or is outſhin'd by ſome new Toaſt;
Has by Gallant been left i' th' Lurch,
Or ſome Body took her Place at Church;
Her Fav'rite Baſon has let fall,
Or wa'n't invited to a Ball,
Or ſilver Tea-kettle was ſhown
Of newer Faſhion than her own.

Is any one in mortal Fear
She ſhou'dn't have a Son and Heir,
The Doctor a Preſcription hath
Wou'd ſave a Journey to the *Bath.*
Whereas Carbuncles ſometimes vex
The Faces of the tender Sex,
Y'ou've his Coſmetic Secret here,
Wou'd ev'n a Face of Wainſcot clear;
Take away Sun-burn, Tan, or Morphew,
And Freckles be they many or few:
And make a *Cambridge* Beauty bright,
At Diſtance or by Candle-light.
The Doctor can a Dye prepare,
To change the Colour of the Hair,
Teeth when decay'd draw out or clean,
And artificial ones ſet in.
Are any here diſorder'd by
The Tweer or Rolling of the Eye,
Not *Bickerſtaff* cou'd cure you better,
By's famous Circumſpection-Water.

He

He has an excellent Receipt
To make young Damſels eat their Meat,
Leave Chalk and Oatmeal, and ſuch Traſh,
To diet upon wholſome Fleſh.
Beſides his Skill in Phyſiology,
He has been Student in Aſtrology;
Can tell, if any wants to know
How her Affairs are like to go,
Whether the Cards will her befriend,
Or how a Suit of Law will end.
He can, by Help of magick Glaſs,
Show a young Wench her Sweet-heart's Face:
I' th' Stars or on her Hand can read
How long ſhe's like to live a Maid:
He can with Eaſe recover ſoon
The Thimble loſt, or ſilver Spoon;
And help you to find out the Thief,
As well as by the Sheers and Sieve.

He

Should an old Spark inconſtant prove,
By Spells he can renew his Love;
His Blood with Flames rekindled ſieze
As if he'd drunk *Cantharides.*
He has an Amulet or Charm,
Put it but on, you'll take no Harm,
Though you ſhould hear the Schriech-Owl ſhriek,
Or Cricket chirp, or Death-watch ſtrike;
From the ill Omen it would ſcreen,
Should you at Table make Thirteen;
No Danger need you fear at all,
Should you the Salt-ſeller let fall,
Or hear the Raven thrice cry *Pork*,
Or lay acroſs your Knife and Fork.
Alas! that he no Herbs can find
To eaſe the Pain of a love-ſick Mind!

But there's no Help in that Diſeaſe,
From *Galen* or *Hippocrates*;
All can be done on that Occaſion,
Is gaining th' Object of your Paſſion;
Should that impoſſible appear,
Then change your Mind, and fix elſewhere;
For this *Probatum* none can doubt,
One Nail will drive another out.

Well then, ſince here (a Sight that's very rare)
Men much more plentiful than Women are,
Out of this Company, 'tis my Advice,
You unprovided Ladies take your Choice.
Here is Variety enough, you have
The gay, the wiſe, the witty and the grave.
How do our Proctors there your Fancies hit?
The one for Beauty fam'd, the other Wit.

I ſhou'd the *Oxford* Doctor firſt have ſhown,
But that we've Doctors plenty of our own;
Beſides, he'as little need of our good Wiſhes,
Of whom ſo many of you long for Kiſſes.
Some here, ſince Scarlet has ſuch Charms to win ye,
For Scarlet Gown have laid out many a Guinea.
Though, I ſhou'd think, you had far better wed
The young in Sable, than the old in Red.
There's one amongſt our Doctors may be found,
Values his Face above a Thouſand Pound;
But if you ſtand, he'll ſomething bate perhaps,
Provided that you don't inſiſt on Shapes:
Some of our Dons, in Hopes to make you truckle,
Have for this two Months laid their Wigs in buckle;

If

If clear-ſtarch'd Band and clean Gloves won't prevail,
Can the lac'd Gown or Cap of Velvet fail?
What though th' Squire be aukward yet and ſimple,
You'd better take him here than from the *Temple*.

Amongſt that fine *Parterre* of handſome Faces,
Do any like a Joynture in *Parnaſſus*?
Upon us *Fellows* your Affections fix,
But then you can't expect your Coach and Six;
What if we're not o'er-ſtock'd with Land or Money,
We'd gladly ſettle —— our Affections on ye,
And then ſuch Conſtancy 'mongſt us appears,
That ſome of us can court for twenty Years:

But moſt of you, I fear, wou'd be but loth
So long before you dine to lay the Cloth,

Will Beaus and Butterflies then pleaſe your Fancies,
Well vers'd in Birthnights, Novels and Romances,
Scandal, Plays, Opera's, Faſhions, Songs and Dances,

We'll ſhow you thoſe that moſt politely can,
Or tap the Snuff-box, or gallant the Fan.
Or do your Inclinations bid you fix
Upon ſome learn'd Adept in Politicks,
We've thoſe wou'd almoſt ſtun ye with the Din
Of who's to be turn'd out and who put in;
Thoſe that can can tell you how you ought to like
The new Canal that's cutting at *Mardyke*;

How

How far the *Bill* does th' Toleration touch;
Or if we by our Trade ſhou'd get too much,
What Umbrage it may give our Friends the
Dutch;
How many Grains muſt to each Pow'r be giv'n
To make the Balance of all *Europe* even:
In ſhort, no Difficulties of State but vaniſh
When once their Noſes are well cramm'd with
Spaniſh.

I've but one Offer more for you to chooſe,
And that is ſuch I'm ſure you can't refuſe;
Our Youth of Quality—— ay, there's a Charm
The coldeſt Virgin's Heart will quickly warm;
Which of you wou'dn't be well pleas'd to ſit
In the gilt Chariot grac'd with Coronet,

Dia-

Diamonds all o'er in the Front-box appear,
And have the grateful Sound ſalute your Ear
Where-e'er you go— *My Lady* Flounce's *Servant*
there.

But whilſt we thus laſh the * Coquet and
Prude,
Let us not ſeem to modeſt Merit rude;
In blaming Vice we do the Virtuous praiſe,
Thus Foils the Diamonds Luſtre higher raiſe;
Thus Shadows ſtronger make the Lights appear,
And *Venus* near an *Ethiop* ſeems more fair.
To you, ye Fair and Chaſte, whoſe Eyes in-
ſpire
Though a reſiſtleſs yet an awful Fire,

---

* N. B. *I han't meddled much with the Coquet or Prude under thoſe Characters, but I wanted a Rime to rude.*

The

The Muſe wou'd fain her humble Tribute bring,
Such Virtues honour, and ſuch Beauties ſing,
But for the daring Flight too feeble finds her
Wing:
In every thing but her good Wiſhes poor,
Of them ſhe gladly heaps a boundleſs Store.
May every riſing Sun each circling Year
To Joys untaſted be a Harbinger;
Pleaſures unmix'd the happy Hours beguile,
And Love aud Fortune on you ever ſmile;
May Truth and Honour only know you kind,
And every *Marcia* here a *Juba* find.
May every Fair——
But ſee the Sons of Harmony prepare
A Feaſt might entertain a Cherub's Ear:
Into ſuch Notes *Iſrael*'s prophetick King
Of old awaken'd every ſounding String,
When in like Numbers Prieſts and *Levites* ſpoke,
Of *Salem*'s Temple the Foundation ſhook.

Attend ye Winds —— the hallow'd Sound
convey
O'er Heav'n's high Arch to Realms of lasting
Day;
There the Almighty's vengeful Pow'r withstand,
And wrest the Thunder from his threatning
Hand;
Call inexhausted Show'rs of Blessings down,
And rain 'em all on pious *ANNA*'s Throne.

FINIS.